

The weekly family bath was quite an occasion. In the summer the water was heated in a large tub in the sun; in winter on the stove. In the summer the girls would tuck their bathing suits (usually an old house dress) under their arm and trudge to the South Jordan Canal (below Rawsel Gardner's home) and spend an hour or more swimming around in its water. No home bath was then needed. In the home the youngest of the family would bathe first, then each in the order of age. It was necessary to add a kettle of clean, hot water as the process proceeded so when the head of the family had his turn, the tub was full.

Saturday night bathing was the order in most everyone's home. No parties or dances that night. No water was ever wasted for often it had to be hauled in barrels and placed in a convenient place for house use. No sanitary methods were used except to have one large barrel placed upon a platform and another one on the ground. The water in the upper barrel was filtered through a charcoal arrangement or filter into the lower barrel. It came through the charcoal clear and clean. A cover for each barrel was provided and by this method the canal water was purified for household use and for drinking purposes.

#### MA'S OLD GALVANIZED WASHTUB

Did you ever take yore Saturday bath  
An' try to wash an' scrub,  
While squattin' down on yore haunches  
In a galvanized washing tub?  
If not, then you ain't missed a thing  
But I'm tellin' you what's right  
I done it until I wuz almost grown  
An' every doggone Saturday night.

In summer time it wuz bad enuff,  
But in winter it wuz really rough.  
Spreadin' paper, fillin' buckets and kettles  
An' all that sorta stuff.  
But getting ready for that ordeal  
Wuz only half o' the rub  
O' takin' a bath on Saturday night  
In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to th' skin  
A wood stove bakin' yore hide,  
A-dreadin' to put yore dern foot in  
For fear you'd burn alive?  
Finally you got th' temperature right  
And into the tub you'd crawl,  
That cold steel'd touch yore back

An' you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog.

You'd get outta th' tub next to th' stove  
An' stand there drippin' and shakin'  
The front o' yore body's a freezin' to death  
While the back o' yore body's a bakin'.  
A-shiverin' n' shakin', a burnin' n' bakin'  
That's the price I had to pay.  
That awful ordeal will haunt me  
Until I'm old and grey.

I ain't thru yet - there's somethin' else  
That I been wantin' to say,  
I wuz the youngest of all the kids  
What bathed each Saturday,  
Now we all bathed accordin' to age  
An' I fell last in order  
Which meant I had to wash myself  
In that same dad-blamed water.

I'm a man o' clean habits,  
An' believe in a bath a week  
It helps to keep clean an' healthy,  
An' it freshens up my physique  
But if I had my druthers,  
I'd druther eat a bug  
Than to take my Saturday bath again  
In a galvanized washin' tub.

- - - Contributed by West Jordan Third  
Ward to be read on Old Folks pro-  
gram - 1964